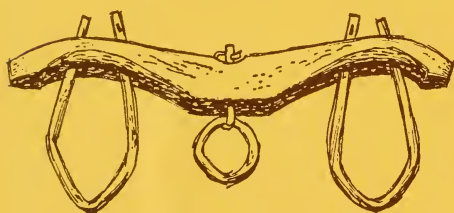


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Abraham Lincoln the
Friend of Man

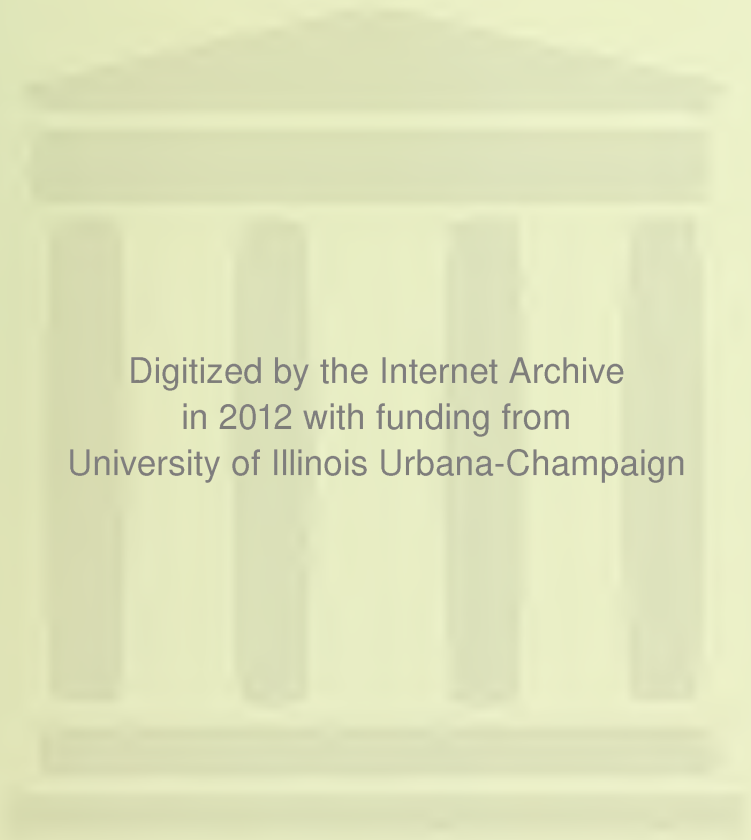
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Abraham Lincoln *The Friend of Man*

His Life Was Another Drop in That Vat Where Human
Lives, Like Grapes in God's Vintage, Yield the Wine
That Strengthens the Spirit of Truth and Justice in
the World.

By M. E. CADWALLADER



A. Lincoln

All the Nation pays homage to the memory of Abraham Lincoln, not only on his natal day, Feb. 12, but on every day of every year. We look to Lincoln as the preserver of our Nation. His name is immortal. It is enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, but at this particular time we especially wish to commemorate the memory of Lincoln the Emancipator, who was born of humble parents on the 12th day of February, 1809, about a mile and a half from Hodgenville, the county seat of LaRue County, in Kentucky.

Our purpose is not to give a narrative of the incidents which may be found in the life history of Abraham Lincoln and can be obtained in any public library, but to bring to the notice of our readers some interesting facts that are in our possession about Abraham Lincoln that are not generally known.

HIS RELIGIOUS BELIEF

His former partner, Hon. W. H. Herndon, said in regard to his religious belief, that Lincoln disagreed with the Christian world in its principles as well as in its theology, because, in the first place, Mr. Lincoln's mind was a purely logical mind. Secondly, that he ~~was~~ purely a practical man, that he was a realist as opposed to an idealist.

He came to Illinois, about 1830, and became acquainted with a class of men the world never saw the like of before or since. They were large men in body and in mind, hard to whip and never to be fooled. It was among these people that Mr. Lincoln was thrown, and about the year 1834 he chanced to come across Volney's "Ruins" and some of Paine's theological works. He at once seized hold of them and assimilated them in his own being. Volney and Paine became a part of Mr. Lincoln from 1834 to the end of his life. He even went so far as to write a small work on Infidelity, intending to have it published, but it never saw the light of day. Mr. Lincoln at that time was in New Salem keeping store for Mr. Samuel Hill at that place, and one day after the book was finished, Lincoln read it to Mr. Hill, who was his friend and who saw that

Lincoln was a rising man, and, with an eye to the future popularity of his young friend, he believed that if the book were published it would kill Lincoln forever in the eyes of his fellow men, so, snatching it from Lincoln's hands when he was not expecting it, he put it into an old-fashioned stove, and it went up in smoke. Mr. Herndon says that at that time Mr. Lincoln drank deeply of the works of Hume, Gibbon and others and boldly avowed himself an infidel. Mr. Herndon said that Mr. Lincoln was a melancholy man, and at that time was living on the borderland between theism and atheism. In his happier moments he would swing back to theism from atheism and dwell lovingly there. He was intense always, and terrible in his melancholy.

LINCOLN'S BELIEF IN SPIRITUALISM

So much for what the Hon. W. H. Herndon, a former law partner of Abraham Lincoln, said of the religious belief of the late President, but we have reason to know that he became interested in Spiritualism, as he attended many seances, and that he many times sat with Nettie Colburn, who afterwards became the wife of William Porter Maynard of White Plains, N. Y.

It was our good fortune to know Nettie Colburn Maynard, and be present at seances, where she was the medium, and through her lips hear the voice of the martyred President speak again. We cherish in loving reverence one statement made by him which has been engraved and is now in the home of The Progressive Thinker, inscribed on a plaque under a brass bust of Abraham Lincoln. It is this: "LET THE SWORD REST IN PEACE; ITS RUST IS PRECIOUS."

Col. Simon P. Kase, of Philadelphia, was present at Mr. Laurie's house in Washington many times when President Lincoln visited Miss Colburn. At one of the seances at the White House, President Lincoln asked Miss Colburn to demonstrate "her rare gift," as he called it, and said it was perfectly satisfactory. In an interview with Mr. Maynard some years ago, he told us of the strange events that had taken place and of many incidents connected with Mrs. Colburn Maynard in her early days.

As is well known, for very many years Mrs. Maynard was an invalid and lying upon her bed of pain tenderly cared for by her husband and her friends, and she was often controlled by the spirit of Abraham Lincoln. On one occasion when I was present I remember distinctly that her face looked like that of a child, although at the time she was fifty-four years of age, unable to move, suffering intensely always, but she kept up a cheerful spirit that made all realize that spirit power alone could keep her from being very melancholy. On that occasion Abraham Lincoln entranced Mrs. Maynard and for some time talked of things of moment and gave advice that has never been forgotten, and for that reason we are glad that it has fallen to our lot to re-publish the book "Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?" For it was well known that the simple story would be told just as it had been dictated from her own lips. It contains many startling statements.

During a number of years father and mother Hill were close friends of Mr. and Mrs. Maynard, and often visited their beautiful home in White Plains. Mr. Maynard and Parnie, as she was affectionately called, who had accompanied her on her visits to President Lincoln, were untiring in their devotion to the invalid. I begged the privilege of sitting up all night with her, which was granted, and Mr. Maynard afterwards told me it was his first unbroken night's rest for seven years.

The hours spent there will never be forgotten. Young as I was, it made such a lasting impression that on receiving an invitation to the twenty-fifth anniversary of her marriage to Mr. Maynard, I wrote: "Though I cannot come, you may be sure that I have only to think of the patient endurance of your suffering to realize how little after all are the ordinary trials of life. You are doing more missionary work, though confined to your bed, unable to move, than anyone I know. Your sweet, sunshiny face comes up before me; your words of counsel and cheer live in my being, while the utterances of the arisen friends who

have spoken through you, including our beloved Abraham Lincoln, are engraven on my heart."

And it was so. In the silent hours of the night it was not possible to doubt that, among others, Abraham Lincoln, who while in mortal life had counseled with others through her mediumship, had spoken with me, and through all the years that have passed his utterances, through her lips, have been a golden memory.

When I visited the home of Mr. Maynard, we talked over the incidents of that time. To him his arisen wife is as an angel who has gone from his home—and he feels glad that he was privileged to care for her during the years she was here on the mortal plane. He tenderly spoke of father Hill, and said: "Never will I forget his goodness to my dear one."

Among those who were close to Nettie Colburn at the time she gave seances in the White House, was Col. Simon P. Kase, of Philadelphia, a grand old man who related to me many times incidents that occurred, of which he had personal knowledge. Of course the true story of Abraham Lincoln attending seances had a peculiar bearing upon the most momentous period in history, but it is based on truth and fact, and therefore will live. It will bear thorough examination, regardless of doctrine, or sect, or creed. It is a page of veiled history, but there are still living today those who will corroborate the statements made, as Mrs. Nettie Maynard was well known to the Spiritualists years ago under her maiden name of Nettie Colburn as a trance speaker at about the same time as Helen Temple Brigham started out in the work. Mr. Hudson Tuttle visited Mrs. Colburn Maynard with Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Newton. He wrote that her mediumship was wonderful and that every sentence bore evidence of truthfulness. Mr. Tuttle said the seance he had with her was one of the most convincing he had ever had the good fortune to attend.

Mr. Maynard is very anxious that the people should know that his wife never claimed that through her was dictated the Emancipation Proclamation, but before it was signed President Lincoln was charged with the ut-

most solemnity not to abate the terms of its issue, nor delay its enforcement; he was assured that it was to be the crowning event of his administration and his life.

Those present at the seance declared they lost sight of the timid girl, Nettie Colburn, in the majesty of the utterance, the strength of the language and the importance of that which was conveyed, as it was known that strong pressure was being brought to bear upon President Lincoln to defer it, but he was urged to in no wise heed such counsel, but stand firm to his convictions and fulfill the mission for which he had been raised up by an overruling Providence.

Mr. Daniel Somes asked President Lincoln if it was improper to inquire whether pressure had been brought to bear upon him, to which he replied, "Under these circumstances that question is perfectly proper, as we are all friends here. It is taking all my nerve and strength to withstand such a pressure." Turning to Miss Colburn, he said:

"My child, you possess a very singular gift, but that it is of God I have no doubt. I thank you for coming here tonight. It is more important than perhaps anyone present can understand."

Mrs. Maynard had one hope—to place in proper shape all the facts about how she became acquainted with President Lincoln—through her brother having lost his pass and furlough—and then how, as a young girl, she was taken to the White House where many seances were held, at which she was the medium. Those were the years that tried the soul of the man who had made an almost prophetic utterance in Philadelphia on the 22nd of February, 1861, when he was on his way to his first inauguration.

"Throngs of people had gathered to see him," said J. H. Barrett, "and he raised a national flag to its place on the staff above Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, as requested, amid the cheers of the thousands present."

In a brief speech he referred with much emotion to the men who had assembled in the same hall in 1776, and to the principles there proclaimed on the fourth of

July, principles which he declared it to be his purpose never to yield, even if he must seal his devotion to them by a violent death—alas! his prophetic utterance came only too true.

Positive information had already been received at Washington of a plot to assassinate Mr. Lincoln at Baltimore. When this was communicated to him, he was averse to any change of the time fixed for his transit through that city. On the earnest representation of Mr. Seward, however, who sent a special messenger to the President-elect at Harrisburg, to urge this course, he left the latter place on the night train a few hours in advance of that which he was expected to take, and passing through Baltimore without recognition, arrived safely the following morning in Washington, where on the 4th of March, 1861, Abraham Lincoln took the oath of office as President of the United States.

How easy it is to be unjust to the dead, says a well known writer. It is not safe to accept the representations of churchmen as to the belief of prominent persons. The case of President Lincoln is somewhat in point. For many years he was an open and avowed skeptic, known as such by all his intimate friends. He afterwards investigated Spiritualism, and often sat in Spiritual circles. The late Judge A. S. Miller, formerly of Rockford, Ill., told Dr. G. W. Brown on several occasions he had sat in circles with Abraham Lincoln and knew he was in sympathy with its teachings, but now the church claims Mr. Lincoln as one of its brightest lights.

What Lincoln said:

"I have never united myself to any church, because I have found difficulty in giving my assent without mental reservation to the long complicated statements of the Christian doctrine which characterize their articles of belief and confessions of faith.

"When any church will inscribe over its altar, as its sole qualification for membership, the Savior's condensed statement of the substance of both law and Gospel, 'Thou shall love the Lord thy God with all thy

heart and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself,' that church will I join with all my heart and all my soul."—*Abraham Lincoln*.

This agrees with Herndon's statement that Lincoln was not a member of any established church.

WHAT JENKIN LLOYD JONES SAID IN 1896

Jenkin Lloyd Jones preached in Sinai Temple, taking for his theme, "From the Log Cabin to the President's Chair," a study of Abraham Lincoln. After tracing his origin and childhood through their hardships, he said:

"I wish we might in some fresh way discover again that the pathos and the power of this figure, which still, to many minds, is permanently grotesque, is based on integrity. Out of that log cabin there came a manifestation of conscience so significant that it made Lincoln feel kinship with the meanest and lowest thing in nature, and also relationship with the highest God in heaven, wherever that may be, and whatever he is."

Speaking of the religion of Abraham Lincoln, Mr. Jones said:

"His theological credentials are very slender and very doubtful. Lincoln was by pre-eminence America's man of faith. The very things he did not believe in witness his religiousness. His denials were his devotions, intellectually; he was a student of sacred things, a lover of such books as help interpret life and throw some light on the mystery of being.

READS THE BIBLE

"The Bible was his childhood's daily food and the meagerness of his home was lit up by the simple reverence of simple hearts. Once, when his father had asked a blessing at a meal consisting of warmed-over potatoes, he did venture to ask if they were not rather poor blessings to make much mention of. This was Abraham Lincoln's attitude toward the conventional creeds of his day and of ours. The works of Thomas Paine, Volney and Voltaire, were among the many

volumes that he devoured during outwardly idle days.

"He wrote out the argument and read it at the village store against supernatural Christianity and in favor of the faith of reason and of nature. But the storekeeper thought it was sacrilegious and put it into the stove.

"Later, in his Springfield life, the 'Vestiges of Creation,' that unique and until recently anonymous book that was the forerunner of Darwin and Spencer, interested him much, and the thought of evolution, the universal law, found in him an earnest champion. Once he said, 'There are no accidents in my philosophy.' David Davis, his intimate co-laborer, said, 'He had faith in laws, principles, causes and effects, but no faith in the ordinary sense of the term,' meaning, of course, in the theological sense. To another friend he said, 'I am a kind of immortalist. I never could bring myself to believe in eternal punishment.'

DISAGREES WITH THE CHURCH

"And another friend says that on the doctrine of depravity, atonement and infallibility of the written revelation and such questions, he was utterly at variance with those usually taught in the church. Herndon, his law partner, tells us with what avidity he read the writings of Channing, and that the author whose views most nearly represented those of Mr. Lincoln, was probably Theodore Parker, from whose writings Lincoln elaborated the memorable phrase of a 'government of the people, by the people, and for the people.' To Carpenter, who painted the signing of the emancipation, he said, 'I never joined any church, because I never could bring myself to believe their creeds. When I can find a church based on the Golden Rule, that which will I gladly join.' And Nicolay, his private secretary, says there is no ground to believe that these opinions were ever changed.

"After his death the religious world found a great and perplexing task on their hands, that of trying to get this great, throbbing hearted Lincoln, the savior of so many souls to liberty, into heaven through their

creed doors. They tried to prove his religiousness by making out that he thought of Jesus, of God and of the Bible something as they did.

LOVE WAS HIS RELIGION

"Let us rather believe that he was religious because he had a God-like love in his heart, because he sought to be an embodied righteousness, a truth teller; because in him the human instincts of the nineteenth century culminated; because he was able to throw aside ecclesiastical and political trappings; do without the helps and stays that are considered necessary to the intellectual and moral lives of most men, and rise by virtue of an internal force into the sublimity of a full manhood in his plain manliness, proving his relationship to all that is infinite and eternal.

"We will find his religion indicated by his oft-flowing tears for the suffering. He established his kinship with the Man of Nazareth by going up and down this world as he did, doing good. His was the beatitudes which the elder brother had pronounced blessed. 'The pure in heart, the meek, the merciful, the poor in spirit, the peacemaker,' he was one who 'hungered after righteousness,' and was, oh, so sadly persecuted for truth's sake, and the reward of being so persecuted, which came to the one while nailed to the cruel cross on Calvary, came to the other on the wings of the swift flying bullet as he sat in Ford's Theater in the city of Washington.

"If there is any glory corner anywhere in the universe where the hallelujahs of 4,000,000 emancipated slaves may not carry the soul of Abraham Lincoln because, forsooth, he had a head that worked as well as a heart, when he was flesh environed, then, my friends, we can do without that glory corner ourselves, and if there is anywhere a great white throne not accessible to plain manliness, to the motherly tenderness, the God-like charity and sympathy of Abraham Lincoln, then all I have to say is that I have no desire to visit such a throne myself.

FAITH IN LINCOLN'S FUTURE

"The heaven of Abraham Lincoln is good enough for me. The hell of Abraham Lincoln is not too bad for me. Ah! there lies a searching, solemn exaction in this confession. His heaven is only for those who, with bleeding feet, have walked the rocky road he traveled, who have tasted the Mara waters of high service. His life arraigns our selfishness, rebukes our cupidity, but it girds our courage. His life was another drop in that sacred vat where human lives, like grapes from God's vintage, yield the wine that strengthens the spirit of truth and justice in the world. If we would know the religion of Abraham Lincoln, let us save this flag from further stains, keep it untarnished as an emblem of love, liberty and law to all nations and to all ages."

* * * *

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE

Who saved this nation? Was it the generals in command, whose names are held in veneration throughout the land? Yes, but with the help of the privates, whose names will never be known to fame. All honor to the rank and file, the brave boys in blue who faced toil, misery and starvation on the battle field and in the prison cell. The soldier who did his duty, though his bones were left to bleach upon the battle field, did as much toward his country's preservation as did the bravest general in command.

Who saved this nation? We answer, the mothers who gave their sons for its sake.

Who saved this nation? We answer, the wives who offered up their husbands upon the altar of their country.

Who saved this nation? We answer, the children, who were left orphans. They helped to pay the price of Union.

Who saved this nation? We answer, the brave boys in blue, who gallantly pressed forward at their country's call.

Who saved this nation? We answer, the generals

in command, staunch and true, who led the army to victory.

Who saved this nation? We linger in loving reverence upon the name than which no other holds a dearer place in our hearts. The one we teach our children to revere, the one whose life we would have them emulate—the one whose life-blood sealed the emancipation proclamation—the one whose memory is enshrined in the heart of every American citizen.

Lincoln—Abraham Lincoln—with his brave generals and his boys in blue—Lincoln the immortal—saved this nation.

Could we hear him speak today he would counsel us to work for peace, to work for arbitration, to work for the day when war shall be no more, when brother shall no longer fight against brother. Could we hear him speak, he would tell us of the cruelties of war and bid us bend our energies toward that day when mankind shall be as brothers and all dwell together in unity. Again we hear the voice of Lincoln the immortal, as he seems to say: "Let the sword rest in peace; its rust is precious."

INTERESTING INCIDENTS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN

Mr. James C. Underhill relates the following interesting incident: "I was in Springfield, Ill., the home of Abraham Lincoln, at the time when Mr. Lincoln was first nominated for the Presidency. There existed in Springfield a Republican organization designated the Rail Guard. This Rail Guard marched around the Capitol Square, each member carrying upraised on his shoulder a rail of Lincoln's own splitting. Thus they marched, two by two in procession, with the tall, gaunt figure of Abraham Lincoln following in the rear. It was a unique spectacle, not to be forgotten by the many onlookers."

HOW LINCOLN CAME TO WEAR A BEARD

It is not generally known that it was a child who persuaded Abraham Lincoln to wear a beard. In the

magazine, St. Nicholas, we read that up to the time he was nominated he had always been smooth shaven. A little girl in Chautauqua County, New York, who greatly admired him, made up her mind that he would look better if he wore whiskers, and with youthful directness wrote him so. He answered her by return mail :

“Springfield, Ill., Oct. 19, 1860.

“Miss Grace Bedell :

“My dear Little Miss—Your very agreeable letter of the 15th is received. I regret the necessity of saying I have no daughter. I have three sons, one seventeen, one nine and one seven years of age. They, with their mother, constitute my whole family. As to the whiskers, never having worn any, do you not think people would call it a piece of silly affection if I were to begin it now?

“Your very sincere well-wisher,

“A. LINCOLN.”

Evidently on second thought he decided to follow her advice. On his way to Washington the train stopped at the town where she lived. He asked if she were in the crowd gathered at the station to meet him. Of course she was, and willing hands forced a way for her through the mass of people. When she reached the car, Mr. Lincoln stepped from the train, kissed her, and showed her that he had taken her advice.

THE LAST HOURS OF LINCOLN'S MOTHER

The following interesting narrative was written by an intimate friend of the Lincoln family :

“It was a Sunday evening. No one was present but the father, the suffering mother, and the two children, Abe and his sister Sarah. Abe had already on many a Sabbath during his mother's illness, undertaken her office of reading from the Scriptures to the family. Now he sat near Mother Nancy, as she was called, the old family Bible upon his knees, reading the Gospel in a soft but clear voice. His little sister knelt beside the roughly improvised couch of the mother, looking dreamily into her pale face and shrunken eyes, while

one of the thin hands of the patient woman rested upon the daughter's curly head. Father Thomas Lincoln leaned against the tall sycamore whose mighty branches shadowed the log cabin and the sorrowing little group. His broad chest, across which his arms were folded, heaved and betrayed the feelings of the husband. He gazed motionless into his wife's almost transfigured countenance, over which at that moment the evening cast a roseate hue. At times his lips moved convulsively, as if unable to repress the anguish that cramped his heart. His tearful eyes expressed the terrible grief and solicitude of the plain but deeply feeling pioneer. Mother Nancy's earthly moments were numbered. This could not be disguised. Thomas Lincoln saw it by the momentary light, scarcely perceptible convulsions of her emaciated body; but the change which had taken place during the last hour in her gentle, beautified face; by the eyes that became more and more glazed, and only now and then lit up with an expression of love and anxiety for her dear ones.

"‘Stop reading, Abe,’ he murmured, trembling with apprehension, ‘it worries your mother.’ ‘No,’ breathed Mrs. Lincoln in broken sentences, ‘it seems as though angels were singing psalms—as though the entire glory of the other world were disclosed to me—yes, thus—thus I always wished to die—the blue heaven above me—you at my side—and God’s word on my lips. Your hand, Thomas.’

"The husband bent over his wife and took her right hand, which she was unable to lift.

"Abe had been silent. He now looked into his mother's face, hastily closed the Bible and sprang up from the log.

"‘Gracious God! My mother is dying!’ he stammered, and reeled, pale and trembling, to her side, while Sarah uttered a cry and, falling on her knees, buried her face, over which the tears were streaming, in the lap of the dying woman. But Abe embraced his mother, and held her in his arms as though, poor boy! he could in that way stay the soul of the so-dearly loved mother.

"‘Don’t cry,’ she whispered. ‘Is death not a relief from my sufferings? I am prepared. I feel that I shall remain with you even when I am gone. I shall pray for you in heaven—and—shall see you all again. Be virtuous, Sarah. Remain honest and brave, my Abe—honor and love your father—I can die contently—and you—Thomas—’

"‘My Nancy—my wife!’ stammered the strong man, now thoroughly overcome.

"‘I have been faithful to you,’ she continued, in a feeble tone, ‘and you have done your duty. Thanks for all your kindness to me. And now—God be with —you all.’

"The noble woman endeavored to utter a few more words of love, but they were lost in an unintelligible murmur. One more glance she cast on all around her and then her beautiful eyes, formerly so radiant with love, became dim, the lips trembled for the last time. Death had come to her like sweet sleep, serene and holy transfiguration lay on her quiet features, a smile hovered around her lips. Life had fled; but Nancy Lincoln resembled a softly sleeping one, over whom the last rays of the sun shed their rosy hue. The children knelt weeping at the feet of the lifeless body. Thomas Lincoln still retained the now cold hand within his own.

"‘Let us pray, children,’ he muttered in deepest agony, ‘that God may not forsake us in the hour of our greatest trial and need—you have no mother now.’"

Born and reared in deep poverty—such was the experience of Abraham Lincoln, who rose to such heights of fame that his history is now printed in every known language. Not alone is he honored in his own country, but in every country the sun shines upon. Though born in Kentucky, he lived some years in Indiana, but Illinois claims him as her most illustrious son.

LINCOLN THE HERO OF THE NATION

The great International Panama-Pacific Exposition had on exposition in the Lincoln Memorial room of the Illinois building the famous collection of Lincoln.

I spent many hours there studying his letters, which had been preserved—the many relics which had been loaned for the occasion—and as I gazed on the books in every known language almost, all telling the tale of the one whose name rises unbidden to our lips when we speak of our own country and the preservation of our Union, I felt glad to know that even at this day honor was being done to the illustrious Lincoln.

Has the soul of this great man soared away to heights immortal, while the ship of state he guided safely into calm waters is in the midst of such perilous times? Nay, not so. Lincoln is not asleep—but gifted with clearer vision than ever before; he is today as interested as any of us in our nation's welfare.

Lincoln's body has crumbled to dust, but his spirit still inspires us to noble deeds of true patriotism.

Every one who possibly can should visit Springfield, Illinois, and see the Lincoln Memorials. They will see how humble the surroundings of the early birth of Abraham Lincoln, who studied his lessons by the fire-light in the log cabin, and practiced writing on the back of a shovel. They will see relics priceless in value—letters written by his own hand during the perilous times of the civil war, as well as many portraits taken at different stages of his career.

No one can visit this wonderful collection without realizing the inspiration that came from his devotion to principles. Volumes could be written, monuments may be erected, eulogies prepared and delivered, but even then the debt of gratitude we owe cannot be repaid.

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